

One of the most exciting newer bands is the Cavedogs, whose second album *Soul Martini* (Capitol) blasts with fervent energy. This Boston based trio isn't another bunch raw punkers, though they're just as charged, nor are they semi-morose jangly guitar aimless melody band purveying the loose definitions of the "college" sound with formless drivel masquerading as poetic lyrics. They're fierce, inventive and angry, but they don't babble and rant. At times, reminiscent of the Beatles, particularly John Lennon, they sneer at what the '60s generation has left for them on "Love Grenade," and mock the quick to jump on a cause rockers with "Here Comes Rosie." Their tough guitar sound says it all, but they balance it out with excellent harmonies and when there's a chance for musical adventure they jump on it. This is one band that really means it.

The Cavedogs with Bundtcake Vesuvius and Tokin' White Boy: Fri., May 8 at 10 p.m. at Khyber Pass Pub, 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683.
--Peter Brown